witcht with the rogues companie. If the raſcall haue not giuen me medicines to make me loue him, ile be hang'd. It could not be elſe, I haue drunke medicines, Poynes, Hal, a plague vpon you both. Bardoll, Peto, ile ſtarue e're ile rob afoote further, and t'were not as good a deede as drinke to turne true-man, and to leaue theſe rogues; I am the verieſt varlet that euer chewed with a tooth: eight yeardes of vneuen ground is three-ſcore and ten miles afoote with mee: and the ſtonie hearted villaines knowe it well inough, a plague vpon it when theeues can not be true one to another.

They whiſtle.

Whew, a plague vpon you all, giue mee my horſe, you rogues, giue me my horſe, and be hang'd.

Prin. Peace ye fat guts, lie downe, lay thine eare cloſe to the ground, and liſt if thou can heare the tread of trauellers.

Falſ. Haue you any leauers to lift me vp againe being down? zblood ile not beare mine owne fleſh ſo farre afoote againe, for all the coine in thy fathers Exchequer: What a plague meane ye, to colt me thus?

Prin. Thou lyeſt, thou art not colted, thou art vncolted.

Falſ. I prethe good prince, Hal, helpe me to my horſe, good kings ſonne.

Prin. Out you rogue, ſhall I be your Oſtler?

Falſ. Hang thy ſelfe in thine owne heire apparant garters: if I be taine, ile peach for this: and I haue not Ballads made on you all, and ſung to filthy tunes, let a cuppe of ſacke be my poyſon: when ieſt is ſo forward, and afoote too, I hate it.

Enter Gadſhill.

Gad. Stand. *Falſ.* So I do againſt my will.

Poi. O t'is our ſetter, I know his voyce, Bardoll, what newes?

Bar. Caſe ye, caſe ye; on with your vizards, there's money of the Kings comming downe the hill, t'is going to the Kings Exchequer.

Falſ. You lie, ye rogue, t'is going to the kings Tauerne.

Gad. There's inough to make vs all:

Falſ. To be hang'd.

Prin. Sirs, you foure ſhall front them in the narrow lane: Ned Poynes, and I will walke lower: if they ſcape from your encoun-

ter,

ter, then they light on v

Peto. How many b

Gad. Some eight, o

Falſ. Zoundes, will

Prince. What, a co

Falſ. In deed I am n

yet no coward, Hal.

Prince. Well, we le

Po. Sirra, Iacke, thy

thou needſt him, there

Falſ. Now can not I

Prin. Ned, where ar

Poi. Here, hard by,

Falſ. Now my maſt

man to his buſineſſe.

Trauai. Come neigh

the hill, weele walke a f

Theeues. Stand.

Falſ. Strike, downe

horſeſon Catterpillers,

downe with them, fleec

Tra. O, we are vn

Fal. Hang ye gorb

chuffes, I would your ſt

knaues? yong men mu

weele iure ye faith.

Here they rob

Enter the

Prin. The theeues

thou and I rob the thee

be argument for a week

for euer.

Poines. Stand cloſe,

Enter

Falſ. Come, my maſt

day: and the Prince an

there's no equitie ſtirrin

then in a wilde ducke.

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